

Exercice  
Folio



(16)

Diary of Fr. Stephens 1902

May 5: 1902 Started this morning for a four months collecting trip for the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture. A fine day, got off without mishap about half past nine. Our party consisting of myself three horses George Dick and Flora. The little dog Bob, and Field the Cook & Teamster, and Mr. Stephens our head, called in the official papers Field Specialist but to us our leader and our sole dependence for we are as helpers as sheep in every thing pertaining to camping out and hunting. Our turn out looked uncommonly fine our wagon with its new coat of black and yellow paint and brand new white duck cover. Phil Carl came gaily behind dragging poor little Bob with a string tied round his neck. A short visit to the Court House and many good byes and good luck and we are really off our faces headed north we travel the main road. Dick our new horse has lived in a pasture for several months and is trying now to out travel all and every thing Mr. Stephens has to try to hold him in all the time tho the horse does not act bad at all only very eager to go. and Flora who is in the wagon with him is an old horse whom we only expect to play third fiddle any way. In the afternoon we twice see a Kangaroo rat dead in the road. A man stopped and gave us a paper in which I see that Queen Willimina is likely to die and a bad battle with the



Moros in Mindano. We did not go to Delmar thinking the main road north might be the best road. There is just a few Torrey Pines to be seen on the top of the bluffs (after leaving Toronto on the left hand side of the road) I may as well say here that these Torrey Pines are <sup>(The Torrey Pine grows on one of the Pacific Coast Islands and from La Jolla to about 20 miles north of Delmar, forming one of the most restricted groups of trees known.)</sup> a species found nowhere but on the California coast they are

not a handsome tree as most pines as living on the top of bluffs close to the ocean the wind beats against them and wreaths their branches and head till they look scrubby trees they are also very difficult to raise from seed so that it is quite likely that in a few years they will be extinct. Late in the afternoon we were caught in a great swarm of starving Mosquitoes. They made a good meal off us and the horses. These Mosquitoes are very large they must be twice as large as the ordinary kind that ~~are~~ in the house. They flew around till we went to bed. set out a few traps. <sup>Travelled 22 miles</sup>

May 6. Off early pass through a country that is planted with a good deal of corn some of which must be a foot high. Some places have a prosperous look, but some few places are abandoned. The farmers have just commenced cutting hay not a very large crop. This morning we passed a large patch of Cholla there was one empty cactus wren's nest in one but we saw no bird. Frank tells me that this kind of Cactus wren is practically extinct the nests being easily found the boys hunted them till now they are one of the rarest birds. There seems



to be more blackbirds in this part of the country than where ever I have been before a good many real black birds also plenty red shouldered blackbirds. Flowers and plants seem familiar. But one depression. Up at Witch Creek. there is a kind of Mimulus that has a salmon colored flower but nearer the coast and I think as far back as Mussey Grade the flowers are red and untill we got into the Canons on Santa Margarita Ranch or Grant they were all Red but at that place we saw quite a few of the salmon colored ones. I saw an Anthony's Green heron about mid day but further than that nothing much. We only passed <sup>the outskirts of</sup> through San Louis Rey so was unable to visit the old mission which looks a fine large building restored. Drove to the top of the Canon and Camped where there is fine grass for the horses. No traps put out to night. Traveled 3 miles

May 7<sup>th</sup> All day driving through Santa Margarita Ranch we were told there is 10,000 cattle on the Ranch and we are not yet out of San Diego County tho I believe very nearly. We still see many blackbirds the grasshoppers will be bad this year for there is a great number of half grown ones now and we saw many hawks feeding on them. This morning we passed San Anofre. here there is a large walnut orchard. The trees are apparently only lately set out there must be several acres. a somewhat sandy place. At noon we came to the ocean a nice sandy beach with round boulders at



near low tide had a few minutes collecting I think it would  
have been profitable to have had a good hunt there. I have  
collected nothing but a few beetles which I saw eating the  
wild convulvulus. Cockchaffers seem to be plentiful there  
is four or five on and around my book as I write. After  
camping we were turned off our place by the caretaker  
as we had camped near to where the cattle come to drink  
and we have to camp now at a regular camp ground  
which is never quite so nice as being alone. There is one  
wagon and two bicyclers here to night here we have our  
bed clothes filled with stickers and we see a gopher come  
to the surface of his hole. It seems to quite unheed the light  
of the lanterns and we try to trap it but it filled the trap  
with dirt got and after a while something frightened it and  
it went down not to come up again. This place is called  
San Mateo Creek. We can hear sea lions roaring and  
hope to catch a glimpse of them to morrow. We hear also  
that there is deer to be found in the mountains round.  
Frank has set traps to night for mice and shrews.  
traveled 16 miles  
May 8<sup>th</sup> Had three meadow mice in the traps this morning  
and 9 gambel's mice but no shrews. Stayed in camp till half past



ten to skin. Shot a gopher but did not skin it about half  
a mile from camp we crossed the boundary of San Diego  
and Orange Counties which is also the boundary of Santa  
Margaretta Ranch and Foster Ranch. We hoped to have  
passed near the sea lions but the road took us too  
far in land so we could see the sea lions look but

it was too far off to make much out. A pleasant  
we heard afterwards that somewhere along here there is fossil bones. (Frank says it is 15 miles out) <sup>where the bones are.</sup>  
drive along the beach. One time I thought I saw a  
whale but it was too far out to be certain and it went  
under and came out too regularly I think it went  
under water while I could count 12 or 15 and remained  
above while I could count 20 if it was a whale it was  
traveling northward. And now in front of us comes  
in sight the high cliff that Dana speaks of in his  
book "Two years before the mast" Readers of that most  
interesting book will remember that at San Juan  
Capistrano He helped throw raw hides off the  
cliff to the ship below and that at one time he let him-  
self be lowered down the cliff to pick off some skin  
that had lodged on it we were not able to go



as far as the cliff turning off to the right and  
passing through the town which stands back a mile or two  
from the beach. The old mission is very picturesque and quite a little modern  
town seems to have grown up around it. The little railway station  
is built in mission style. After leaving San Juan Capistrano we  
came upon grain fields thousands of thousands acres all looking  
in beautiful condition. The formation of the country is much  
the same as on the Santa Margarita Ranch that is smooth round  
topped hills or hummocks. There does not seem to me to be any reason  
why the one place should grow such beautiful grain and the other bare  
pasture for cattle. There is hardly a tree to be seen for miles round  
but wherever trees are planted they do well we passed one Walnut  
orchard at San Juan Capistrano with large trees perhaps six or eight  
inches through them all leaning a little in one direction away  
from the sea. Our camping place to night is a patch of cactus  
and a few trees that seem to be in a little dry creek. or wash  
about ten miles beyond San Juan Capistrano. Traveled 20 miles  
May 9. Grain fields for some miles till we reached Orange  
and Santa Ana. Both of which towns we leave on our left and  
went thro Olive which lies at the spur of the hills round  
which we turn and we seem to come back behind the hills



we have been driving along side of in the distance we drive  
up the Santa Ana River several miles and camp at night at  
the end of the canon and can see a part of the San Bernardino  
Valley ahead of us we have passed the boundary of Orange County  
and entered Riverside County. We still see a good many red  
shouldered Blackbirds and a very few hawks but after passing  
through Santa Margareta Ranch we have seen no Grass  
hoppers and really nothing to note of in the natural history  
line that I can see. Near the San Juanin ranch house was  
the first Artesian Well and after that place there was plenty  
of water in the country for besides plenty of Artesian water  
there is the Santa Ana River which waters a large area  
Orange Walnut Apricot Olives and some few Grapes are the  
crops this side of Tustin while grain and Lima beans was the chief  
crops before we reached there. The Santa Ana River or Canon  
is the most beautiful drive we had the River in its  
natural bed after we pass the irrigation ditches looks  
very lovely to the eyes of one who has not seen a wide  
River with real water in it for so long and in  
many places the road wound round under the trees that  
met overhead and in our sunny climate if there is  
anything lacking it is these shady nooks and drows



for the they are to be found still they are few and far  
between. and one could easily live all ones life here and  
never come across another place like Santa Ana Canon  
nothing that we like seems so good. as when it is a little way  
off one cold day what so good as looking forward to a good  
cozy fire. when we are hungry how good to smell the waft of  
the good dinner. I doubt if when we are satisfied with  
fire or dinner if they seem quite so good either as the  
expectation of it or the remembrance of it now we know  
how good it is to enjoy California sunshine it is our chief  
joy and yet how often it does make the head ache and  
the eyes feel tired even while we are fully enjoying  
it think them of driving along this long Santa Ana Canon  
sometimes a glare of bright sunshine we hurry along  
to the trees just ahead and and we can see away below  
us the dark green river dancing and singing along while  
a slight breeze makes the trees and shrubs dance and  
every movement is reflected in the water multiplied  
by the thousand ripples the bright sun we love so well  
struggling and trying to peer into ever cranny before we can  
even take in the pleasure of seeing the high cliffs wagon



turns a corner and great high cliffs rise up and we catch our breath a little for the <sup>narrow</sup> road goes under the over hanging cliff and we catch a glimpse of bright flowers growing in the clefts of the rock but the precipice down to the river is so close we feel giddy and fearsome but by the time we fully comprehend where we are we are through it and the trees closing over seem to help us regain our calmness and so on for miles new turns and twists and ups and downs till we rise to a higher ridge and leave the River for good camp and so good night

Traveled 31 miles

May 10<sup>th</sup> Through the San Bernadine valley good crops of hay but nothing so fine as we saw the day before. Today was the first <sup>day</sup> time

I saw any grain being hauled and only place at that there is hardly any cut yet. We came today to the flat on which the <sup>stacks</sup> railway stores many thousands of shingles a few years ago we drove to San Bernadine another road and this is the place we came to so from now on to San Bernadine is old familiar. (Before we to the town of Corona not a very thriving looking place country many of the Ranchers have gone to the New Imperial Country and have boarded up their doors and windows and deserted their orchards consequently they



overrun with weeds and the trees are dying the town Frank  
tells me is not more than fifteen years old and it is quite  
a little town we saw three butchers shops in sight at once  
I don't think they had more than one street. Riverside seems  
to be doing well many new houses are being built at Arlington and a large  
group of buildings are being built for an Indian School that is to be called  
the Sherman School it is in the Mission style and will be a very  
fine place adjoining it is a kind of Zoological Tea Garden  
entertainment kind of place, on the side walk was cages  
with live deer they seemed quite tame there was several  
kinds some that Frank did not know. Magmola Avenue  
looks very nice tho I can't say it is quite my idea of beauty.  
We were glad to drive in to Ralphs for it means a days rest and we  
are as yet unused to driving so far and as yet ~~we~~<sup>I</sup> have had nothing  
to do or note on Natural History as I hoped to.

May 11<sup>th</sup> Sunday spent the day resting had Ralph and Jessie come  
down the garden and have dinner with us as I wished to save  
her from cooking but she brought us a beautiful strawberry  
shortcake and another cake which we polished off in great  
style. Our supplies have come from Washington and with  
our already overloaded wagon they look very formidable.



May 12. Drove to San Bernardino & Mr Wright found him well and as kind as ever we had not been there long before Mr Brandegee and Mr Parrish came in Mr Brandegee goes with us for a time Mr Parrish invited us all to dinner and Mr Wright drove us over and we had a very pleasant visit and dinner. I hope to see them again some day.

Threw our bed down under the shed at Mr Wrights and slept - we travelled 12 miles not counting to Mr Parrish and back. May 13. Mr Wright took us to breakfast and left about eight o'clock Frank had a talk with a young man that he knows it was he who told us about the fossil bones to be found on our way up. We had some little difficulty in finding Mrs. Buckmaster whom we wished to call on and this will be our last visit to friends. They live quite the east side of Redlands and we had really passed their house when Mrs Buckmaster saw us and called to us we stayed to dinner with them, a very pleasant time we had. Frank & Mr Buckmaster drove back to the town after dinner as there was still a few things to get and we had no idea they lived so far from the stores or could have bought the things when we passed in the morning.



Mr & Mrs Buckmaster tried to get us to stay over night  
and I would have liked to very much but Frank thought  
we had best get on. we traveled nine miles after dinner  
we saw two or three cactus wren nests in one Frank found  
two fresh eggs but somebody had been there before him and  
enlarged the entrance we did not see the cactus wren. After going  
over the first ridge Guacape valley we came to a very large grain  
field with grain ready to cut for hay just a little is cut we begin  
to go up grades quite steady now we pitch camp in a little wash  
near a school house that stands in the middle of this grain  
covered plain with no house near it and I think scarcely one  
in sight nothing at all like a settlement anywhere. A cold  
evening there is one thing about these large plains that seems  
to me to be misleading to a reader as I have said we pitch  
camp in a little wash now in looking over a large plain as  
this was with many thousands of acres of grain one would  
think that they would be comparatively level to look  
at them or at least undulating but in driving along, the  
road will perhaps make a long curve or sweep and  
from what you can see it is all unnecessary perhaps  
between the sweep or curve will meander a small



green depression and that is not seen till we get near it but when we do get near we see that there is a wash perhaps twenty feet deep and one hundred feet wide that the road has been skirting till it gets to some place where a team can drive down and then the road perhaps goes along <sup>the bottom</sup> for a mile or two before it climbs the other side very often we have come to just such places it was so here we saw a wagon away in the distance traveling apparently towards us yet we know it was ahead of us and at last it disappeared and soon we came alongside a deep wash ~~at~~ with good large trees growing at the bottom and every appearance of having a large torrent of water running in it sometimes these washes are called in Spanish arroya. We saw a sun dog. to night for the first time a dry camp. Drove 20 miles

May 14 After getting nicely to sleep last night it began to rain Frank had to get up and put up the tent but the bed clothes got quite wet but as soon as he had put the tent up it stopped. we did not sleep well the rest of the night consequently we felt sleepy all day. All morning we passed through a good grain country with good crops reaching Banning for dinner. When we entered



The San Geronimo pass with the San Jacinto Mountain on our right there was snow on the top and it is a cold day. We drove through a pretty country with a good many flowers and wild lilacs in full bloom. Saw one Kangaroo rat dead in the road. Mr. Brandgee said he saw another one. Oak trees in plenty. San Geronimo pass is quite the beginning of the desert. Desert plants and sand, Larrea, Yucca like the Yucca in the San Felipe. Cactus in bloom. The Cholla was a very bush like form until we came to Cabezon where we watered the horses after that the form altered to a more straggly and more prickly form and it was more stunted growth. The Chollas of the first kind are great places for the birds to nest in. Frank shot two Cactus Wrens a ♂ & ♀ and found their nest with three eggs in. He also saw a few La Count's Thrashers but Frank did not try to get any. Some of their nests we saw but all were empty, apparently the first brood had flown. Here Chipmunks appear. *Citellus Engelmanni* and *Opuntia* — is in bloom.

May 15. Very tired last night up early and off a hard sandy up hill pull to Warrens <sup>Ranch</sup> ~~Well~~ across the N-W end of the desert. The desert flora is most conspicuous a bush like Cholla for a few



miles and then the large cat claw cactus became very plentiful with a cholla that is very plentiful below San Felipe part of the desert - it grows with a single stem about two foot high then it branches out into a many <sup>branched</sup> fingered head at the ends of these branches round balls of the spines drop off and if the conditions are right they take root. This is a very pale green colored Cholla and excessively spiny.

We see very few Englemanni or basilaria in comparison to what we saw yesterday. Now in my rough notes I say that Carl shot a glossy ibis but I make no mention of White water and as that is the only place that Carl shot a glossy Ibis we must have stayed at White <sup>yes</sup> ~~water~~ that night I remember we stayed under some trees and put the horses in a pasture but I was too tired to do much more than my camp work which is considerable after we get to camp to have to make bread and cook supper just as quick as possible so as to eat supper if possible before dark. It gives me very little time for anything else and I am often too tired after the things are washed up to write any. Frank shot a large lizard that looks like the Chuckwalla of the Mohave Desert only it is lighter colored



There is not a bit of food for the horses and George is quite tired  
so we have had to change about it is very convenient having  
horses that will change round so well as ours do. The Dog  
Boys got a piece of Cactus in his mouth and I had to  
get it out with a pair of tweezers and these damn  
tweezers are a most necessary article to have right at  
hand on a desert trip for many times the horse will  
step on one or get one on the hock and unless they are  
taken off they cause a great deal of unnecessary trouble  
for the horse tries to kick it off and a kicking horse  
is to be feared. Our horses soon learnt to stand still  
when Frank took a cactus of there by he generally first  
jerked of the cactus ball with his knife then took  
my tweezers and pulled out every spine that  
was left in and I am sure by the manner of the  
horses they said thank you boss. Poor little Boles  
was not so patient and I had to roll him on his  
kneel on him  
side stick a piece of wood between his teeth and go  
for that cactus piece meal. We got to Warrens ranch  
early in the afternoon and I had a little rest Frank  
and Carl put out 60 traps we do not hear a very good



account of the roads or food further on sandy roads  
heavy hills no food long way between waters so all we  
hear. Frank shot two cats to night one very large one and we  
May 16. Warrens Ranch The attitude is 2500 ft. Frank caught  
some few mice in the traps and one Gopher and one harvest  
mouse <sup>yesterday</sup> today we saw two cow birds round the barn.  
Frank says that it was very uncommon to see Cow birds  
here as it is very much west of their usual range.  
We left about seven in the morning for Warrens Well.  
We have had a good time at Warrens Ranch The Duxon  
young woman was very pleasant and gave us some  
milk which was a treat for desert fare is the order  
now. Warrens Well is up a gentle grade about eight miles  
from Warrens Ranch Yucca, Cholla, & Larrea, half way up  
the summit we came upon Yucca brevifolia "the tree  
yucca" for the first time and soon came upon a forest  
of them they lasted for perhaps two miles past Warrens  
Well Just before we came to Warrens Well Frank shot a Raven  
two were standing on the ground and were quite near. we  
still see chipmunks but no blackbirds near Warrens Well we  
came upon a fresh kind of Cactus a bush like one about



as thick as a lead pencil but not so spiny as the one  
on the Colorado Desert near Carrizo Creek that is Cholla  
truncata. nor were the branches so long some had spines  
and some had none but there is but one kind I think  
At Warrens Well we had to buy water for the first time  
twenty cents for watering the horses and taking on two  
honey cans full and the canteens full. A bare place one  
little house <sup>one ton</sup> ~~one~~ ton of old tin cans nine donkeys two  
barrels one windmill and a blow hard leaning against  
it taking careful note of every drop of water taken not a  
blade of grass or anything done in the way of improvement  
The perhaps the water is too valuable to use for any thing  
but drinking The blow hard said the well was 120 ft deep we made  
a dry camp for lunch soon after Frank tried to skin up but the  
wind blew so he had to give it up. After skinning two animals a good big  
whirlwind came roaring along and made things pretty lively for a  
few minutes In the middle of the afternoon we picked up a little  
snake a very handsome one yellow ground color with black bands the head  
was joined to the body without any apparent neck. We struck a good  
long <sup>stretch</sup> patch of Yucca we camped at the farther end of it so the  
horses have plenty food but only one pair of water-cask. Carl has  
set out 25 traps (he got two Perognathus nice) but Frank has been



shining all evening. We seem to have left the cactus behind us. We saw one Ironwood tree this afternoon Frank says this is the first he has seen on the Mohave desert which is the desert we are on now we are 2700 ft altitude now and the Colorado desert rarely rises above 4000 ft. we saw one little oak tree just before camp. Frank saw one Scots Cerial today. May 19 Much the same kind of country, but nearing the barren hills on our right pretty good road for the desert we leave the giate behind us, and the plants get fewer and poorer as we go along, about five miles beyond camping or fifteen miles from Warrens well we closed up for a little while to the barren hills to a rock called called Turtle rock it looks as if there might be water there sometimes. A mile or so further on we came in sight of twenty nine palms which must have been four or five miles straight ahead. 29 palms have dwindled down to about 20 is a little oasis in the middle of a large flat with a small rancheria of Indians one old settler who has been a soldier, named Wilson, one adobe house in which is a family that have been here only a week so they don't count a pack of burros and I hear that there is a good many men around in the hills mining asked Mr Wilson about Indian baskets he says the Indians ask an enormous price for them I have not yet been to the Indian settlement but there is several Turtle shells laying round their place but they roast them



in the shell so that spoils the shell. I hope to get more information later. He went to bed early having had a very long day but very soon a sand storm came up and sleep was ended, it blew very hard we were covered in dirt Frank had to get up and see if things were all right the man in the house came out and offered me a lodging in the house if I liked but it seemed safer to stay outside for the roof did not look very strong but nothing got hurt. May 18. A most unpleasant breakfast every thing blowing away and filling with sand but we found a sheltered corner after breakfast where we all gathered Frank began his skinning Carl put out traps last night and among other things got two more of the little *Perognathus* which may be a new thing they are very like the little *Perognathus* which they got in the Death valley trip but of course having nothing to refer to cannot tell Frank also shot a small Bat of the genus *Myctinomys* (night mouse) it is different from any he has ever seen as it has a white patch on the nape as we have only one it may be *albiviridis* so I hope we get some more the high wind made it impossible to shoot more there is evidently plenty here and they live in the old adobe house. A few *perognathus* other than the little kind and a few pocket rats are all that has been caught. W. Brandegee has



found an interesting Maraporoa lily he does not know but it may be a new one. May 19. A bad sand storm all day all day we could do nothing I could not go to the Indian reservation the wind was so high but Wilson the man that lives here says they have 65 acres of land government reservation. The mountains are hidden from view by the sand so is the sun and it is very cold to day the wind is still high but it is very cold however we started off for our first long journey of 39 miles between waters to Bagdad. May 20 the sand storm still blowing but we start on our 39 miles journey for Bagdad with four honey cans filled with water for the three horses and two canteens full for ourselves. The road to Bagdad is not often traveled I think for excepting the Bullion mine there is no one settled on the whole road and that at the present time is vacant. We were told that the Bagdad road was a much better road than the road to Virginia Dale. Bagdad is north and Virginia Dale is east. We went first through a few miles of deep sand so deep that Frank had to hitch the third horse on to help the other two and Mr Brandege and I walked for quite away Mr Brandege walked most of the day the road was quite plain just a gentle slope up for about 15 miles when we reached the summit



and a broad plain opened out before us and we soon  
came to the Bullion mine near which the road ran.  
This place is said to be 14 miles from 29 palms but did  
not seem so far. after leaving the Bullion mine we must  
have traveled four or five miles down the wide plain  
then we closed up to the mountains on the right hand side  
where we camped for the night. We cut some Giata for the  
horses gave them a good drink. set traps and went to bed.  
very glad to end this cold windy day. May 21 up very early  
a warm bright morning hardly like the same country  
so bright after sundays terrible sand storm and yesterday's  
gale we round the corner of the mountains on the right and  
enter a wide canyon with bare brown hills on each side  
of us and hills running back of them a fine country for Mountain  
Sheep only there is no water that is known. Once in the day  
Frank saw an old track that may have been Mountain Sheep  
or antelope. after driving several miles down this canyon  
we rounded a bend and in the distance on our left was a lava  
field and the crater black cone and further still some red  
Lava hills away still further lay the dry lake bed to the  
right of it we believe lay Virginia Dale while we  
went to the left round the lava field at the end of which the



Lake bed spreads out on both sides while right in the middle rose up a crater with a lava field round it as tho in ancient times the volcano had burst up in the middle of the lake. Turning to the left which takes us north we soon see Bagdad on the opposite hills the level line running along shows us that it is the railway we pass over the west end of the lake and then up a very gentle slope and get into Bagdad soon after three in the afternoon so far this Mojave desert is very unlike the Colorado desert of course the Larria is plentiful in both places but this desert seems to have more barren hills running through it, it has no channels or lakes or Mesquite forests as has the Colorado But the washes seem to take more the form of Deltas that is the waters run over large surfaces with shallow washes, tho they must come with great force for in many places boughs as large as a <sup>has been washed down</sup> means arm and as Larria is the largest wood we see with the exception of the desert willow and there is in some places some of that tree but not much. A great deal of the surface is what is called paved that is there is a level bed of flat little pieces of granite closely packed together, looking much as tho it had been evenly put down This makes good Traveling where it is close and hard enough not to break through with the weight of the wagon other parts is much like a badly



Made Macadamised road rough and hard to drive over  
but there is no bad hills to go up or down

May 21 At Bagdad a station on the Santa Fe, a pumping  
engine a store and a few houses for the railway men it  
stands on a gentle slope away from the dry lake a dry bare  
spot sparse Larria and looking dry. We traveled all day along  
the railway a dry monotonous plain the vegetation getting more  
scarce and dead as we go on in spots nothing grows, away in  
the distance on our right we see the bed of the lake we came  
through yesterday with its many whirlwinds it is a queer  
thing to see at various distances on this flat, columns of  
sand rising perhaps 100 ft or even more slowly traveling  
across the plain then fading away while others take their  
place silently ~~gradually~~ they start about never so far as I  
can see absent, with no apparent reason for their being.  
Now and then a larger one rises and you can see the whirling  
of the sand which then looks black if, if they were stationary  
it would be just like so many camp fires with now and  
then one that burnt more smoky than the others. They  
do not seem to travel in any one direction some go  
one way and some go another, without reason or object.  
It is seven miles from Bagdad to Amboy and fifteen from



Amboy to Cadiz ~~at~~ Amboy we could see the road  
that comes from Berginca Dale just a wagon track  
at Cadiz we thought we could see a very faint road to the  
same place. Soon after Cadiz which is like Amboy  
just a section house with a cistern of water which  
is carried from Bagdad, the train turns a curve  
and we come into a hill on our right and three miles on  
a wash which contains Larrie that is green and a few  
other green things very pleasant to the eye after the long  
monotonous plain that has only the black lava crater and  
its attendant black lava. That is about three miles this side  
of Bagdad. We have put out a good many traps but the  
signs are poor so do not expect much we have seen neither  
bird nor beast all day only one little butterfly which I got at  
dinner time and one beetle which I got to night.

May 22. 12 miles from Cadiz to Danby. We drove about eight  
miles to Danby a bad road deep sand nearly all the way the  
horses so tired, we camped for dinner at Danby and  
laid over for about four hours as we heard that the road was  
worse instead of better all the way to Fenner. We started  
about four to Fenner, and drove six miles every step in  
deep sand the horses very tired could not go over two miles



an hour brought a small supply of water with us, this is a dry barren plain with hardly a sign of life on it.

Where there has been camping places there is Colony of Desert hawks. Frank caught but two last night he shot a Le Conte Thrasher and a road lark Mr Brandegee got one plant and we saw one cow bird and a jack rabbit and a young Coyote. We enquired about the route we wished to take at Danby and I made a few notes which I copy here. — The Mountain to the right of The Station is Old Woman's Mountain or rather the one behind it is and that is the Mountain we have been seeing in the distance for a day and half it has a very peculiar sharp monument like peak that we can see clearly only with the glass which is called old woman's statue we were told that there is mountain sheep on it that it is six thousand ft high it is south east of Danby station. There is lots of Gila and a wagon road. Pinyon pine is plentiful and at this time Indians are cutting it for a mine for a man named Jackson who is manager for it he said two mountain sheep were killed a short time ago by the Indians and the heads sent to Los Angeles to be mounted a kid or lamb was seen but was too smart to be caught. Turtles are plentiful round here



and ought to be picked up at any time and any where,  
that is the way every one says They are found there seems  
to be no particularity of habits. They have a very large  
liver. Scorpions are plenty and an Osprey was shot a few days  
ago. Bats are here very large ones. There is no deer around here  
to the left of the ~~mountain~~ station is Dads Mountain no  
Grass grass but a fine well which partly supplies Danley  
with water not so many Mountain Sheep nor so much  
Pinyon Pine Rattlesnakes are plenty but we have not seen  
any nor had the man who told us. The man said he had never  
heard of any fossils being found in the hills May 23

Still deep sand to Fenner drove the three horses Mr Brandege  
and Carl walking a good part of the way I walked perhaps  
5 miles The horses are feeling their journey. Carl has got  
the mares back sore and her shoulder is sore too. The  
Larria looks dead and there is hardly any thing else alive or dead  
Mr. B only gathered one plant to day we walk on the rail,  
way embankment and that is fine walking for the em-  
bankment has been oiled to keep down the dust arrived at  
Fenner before dinner a more dead place than we have seen  
yet and the prospect discouraging it is twenty one miles  
to Providence mountains no water between and



tired horses and tired naturalists however we were told the road is not bad so giving the horses plenty of water we start after dinner nearly west thus seeming to go back instead of forward the road strikes straight out across the plain and we can see the road for miles in front of us the whole country looks dead but we find a much better road and saw two chipmunks during the afternoon the cactus looks a little more green and that is the only improvement as yet we drove about ten miles and then came to a good deal of Giata so camped. The ground shows good signs for trapping so set out 80 odd traps

May 24  
Caught but six animals but they are interesting soon.

The road is still not so bad and we are nearing the mountains everything still as dead it is most discouraging for Mr. B. Frank killed two chipmunks and a jack rabbit so Frank has a good deal of skinning to do. He got to Providence Mountain about dinner time not a very lively place a stamp mill washing tailings and a man living about two miles away near to a large derrick that was put up for boring water but the money played out and the man is just in charge he tells us Mountain Sheep are in the mountain he bought a head from an Indian a few



days ago and is mounting it himself says he  
will go with Frank up the mountain and have a hunt  
with him. This is the only place where we can get water  
with the exception of a spring six miles away so he says.  
I hope we shall learn more about the place soon. Food for  
the horses there is none we hear there is two hundred mules  
running around loose so any Giata might be  
eaten close to the ground. Carl and Mr. Braneberger went  
out with the wagon for a few miles and cut a load of Giata  
for the horses we have unloaded everything and are camped  
outside of an old house that has been used as a stable it has  
a stove in it but I cannot do much with it still the house  
is a shelter from the wind for Frank to work in and so  
good night. May 25. Sunday a day of rest but not such rest  
as Sunday usually means. Mr. B. went out all the morning  
and got a lot of nice plants so perhaps things will look better  
yet a man living here brought us in a jack rabbit and  
two mice Frank preserved the mice and the skin of  
the jack he caught yesterday and I stewed the jack  
for dinner we did nothing much all day May 26  
Up before five Mr. B. and Carl and Frank went off  
with the wagon to spy out the country and left me at home



in the stable. The day was windy and a few drops of rain fell. Mr. Brandegee tells me that there has been 6,000,000 lbs of silver taken out of the Bonanza King mine that is one of the mines that we can see from here about two miles away. Frank went almost to the top of the mountain it is 6800 high to where he went possibly 7000 to the top he saw some interesting things but did not get any he will have to go again perhaps several times. Mr. B. got a good many nice things and he also saw a mountain sheep. They brought home jack rabbit cotton tail & chipmunk but all shot too much to be of any use. The time has been when this has been quite a place for there is remembrance of houses and wrecks of wagons all around. May 28 Got up early and drove over to visit a lady a Mr. Henning her husband seems to be taking care of a mine or something all he seems to have to do is to lay on a couch and help his wife with her little babies she has three had a most pleasant day. Frank and Mr. Brandegee walked up the mountain mapping out the course and method of work it is such a dry place it is very hard to find away to do anything the decision come to is to go about four miles to the foot of the mountain and camp for a day or two.



nothing but one chuck walla was caught to day Carl  
killed two rattlesnakes. May 29 started early for  
our camp ground Frank went with Carl to cut bunch  
grass for the horses Mr. Brundage went to look for water  
we were told of a spring about two miles away Frank + Carl  
came in about half past twelve with no animals report  
plenty of old sheep tracks we also hear that lions are  
occasionally found or heard up the mountain Frank  
reports a foot print that may be a young one. Bunch  
grass hard to pull up but plenty for the horses to eat  
but so far away Mr. B. came home about two o'clock reports  
a poor spring only a little water there is an old pump  
at the spring Frank and Carl.